BELHAVEN's VISION:

OR,

His SPEECH

IN THE

UNION-PARLIAMENT,

November 2. 1706.

Laxat clauſtra Sinon.—— *Virg.*

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BELHAVEN'S

VISION;

ON

His SPEECH

IN THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

Belhaven's VISION:

OR,

His SPEECH in the UNION Parliament.

WHILE all the World to this Day,
Since *Nimrod* did a Sceptre ſway,
Enſigns for ſov'reign Power diſplay,
Shall it be told,
We, for a little ſhining Clay,
A Kingdom ſold?

I ſee an Independent STATE,
Repenting, when it is too late,
They did ignobly abdicate
An ancient CROWN,
Which their Anceſtors Blood and Sweat
Had handed down.

I see a CHURCH, round fenc'd with all
The pointed Laws, Kings could propale,
Made *Noah*'s Ark to Priests of *Baal*,
Socinian Crews,
Arminian, and a black Cabal
Of faithless *Jews*.

I see our Noble PEERS resort,
For Posts and Pensions, to the Court;
And having danc'd Attendance for 't,
Till they think Shame,
Their **Union**-Guineas falling short,
Come trotting Hame.

I see our BARONS, whose Grandsire
Did Armies head, wall'd Cities fire,
And Honour, Wealth, and Fame acquire,
Oblig'd to stand,
At Distance from an *English* Squire,
With Hat in Hand.

I see our ROYAL BURROWS glad,
By Taxes on the Nation laid,
Worm'd out of ev'ry Branch of Trade,
With down cast Eyes,
To supplicate the Board for Bread,
In the Excise.

I see an honest Plow-man spout
Half of his saltless Pottage out;
Buckling Thumb-ropes of Straw about
His unshod Soles,
And kindling Turff, or a Tree-root,
For want of Coals.

Our

Our Gallant SOLDIERS ſent, or fled,
Abroad to the Plantation-trade,
Some left, their Blood who often ſhed
For their own KING,
Without Subſiſtance, to be led
With Dog and String.

The firſt three Articles proclaim,
That to be SCOTS-MEN we think Shame;
Their Conſtitution is the ſame,
Which long ago,
Their KINGS and PARLIAMENTS did frame;
But our's not ſo.

Our Laws muſt to ſuch Regulations
Be ſubject, and Annihilations,
As pleaſe the SENATE of both Nations;
And where have we,
For CHURCH and STATE among theſe--*ations*,
A Guarantee?

Tho' they ſhould make us keep the Nolt,
We're not in Trim for a Revolt,
For, now our Thunder wants a Bolt;
And we, poor Toads,
Muſt couch, like *Iſſachar*'s Aſs-colt,
Beneath two Loads.

By a Preliminary Clauſe,
Our ancient fundamental Laws
Are ſettled, and the good old Cauſe;
But we at length
May find theſe Withs but Windle-ſtraws,
To *Samſon*'s Strength.

Stamp-

Stamp-duties, Cuſtoms and Exciſe,
To a prodigious Sum will riſe:
Like *Ceſar* CALEDONIA lies,
Sub gladio hoſtili;
And in the Pangs of Gold-birth cries,
Tu quoque, mi fili!

Time may diſcover what ſome Foak
Got ſlipped in beneath their Cloak;
An Ape, a Viper and a Cock,
The *Romans* ty'd
To him they drowned in a Pock,
For Paricide.

Like Compliment is due to thoſe,
Who imp'd the THISTLE on the Roſe,
And ſold our Birth-right to our Foes;
Whereby we get
The Honour only, I ſuppoſe,
To pay their Debt.

Muſe, blame not FRANCIS MOLISON,
Who in his Veins *Scots* Blood hath ſhown,
In all the Votes ſtill being One
Among the *No's*:
Proof to more Millions, than the Crown
Of *England* owes.

Our REPRESENTATIVES are ſent
Unto the *Britiſh* PARLIAMENT,
To frank the News, how Matters went;
And that is all;
For of each Hundred, but a Tenth
To us doth fall.

Good

Good GOD! that's more than Yea, and Na,
Is not this to ſurrender a',
And throw ſelf-guiding Power awa?
For, now they may
Not leave us either Cock to cra,
Or Hen to lay.

With bended Knees, my LORDS, I bow,
To HEAVEN firſt, and then to You;
Ye may conſider what ye do.
He ſtopt —— But none
Reply'd. Then did his Cheeks bedew;
And thus went on.

The Sun two thouſand times did fly
Round the twelve Chambers of the Sky,
Since *Fergus* form'd our MONARCHY;
And to this Hour,
Our Laws have been controuled by
No foreign Pow'r.

And now, ſhall ſham **Equivalents**
Incorporate us out of Senſe,
To throw away our PARLIAMENTS,
Which did ſecure
Our Laws, and put our own Defence
In our own Pow'r?

None can harm SCOTLAND, but *Scots* Men.
We without foreign Aid did ſen,
When Neighbour **Ned** came too far ben;
I need not tell,
Altho' we were but five to ten,
What then befel.

Our

Our *Stewarts*, unto peaceful JAMES,
Gordons, *Kers*, *Campbels*, *Murrays*, *Grahams*,
Hero's, from *Tyber* known to *Thames*,
For Freedom stood;
And dy'd the Fields, in purple Streams
Of hostile Blood.

Our Valiant BRUCE, and *Wallace* Wight,
Did neatly some Mens Doublets dight;
Our CLANS, in Lith and Limb, were tight;
Their *Claymores*
The lofty EAGLE thrice did fright
From ALBION's Shores.

Are now the Spirits of the *SCOTS*
Sunk into *English* Cabbage-stocks,
When *Hannibal* at our Gates knocks,
And waiteth on,
His Grace out of this House to box,
And break this Throne?

Where's *Marshal*, *Hamilton* and *Arrol*,
That should assert the Nation's Quarrel?
Posterity will think they were all
In Battle slain,
Or *Cupid*'s Boy, or *Bacchus* Barrel
Did them detain.

Thus brave *BELHAVEN* having spoke,
Which might have pierc'd a Heart of Rock,
Ah CALEDON! with rueful Look,
And Voice he cry'd:
Then bath'd in Tears, went Home, and broke
His Heart, and dy'd.

FINIS.

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